

True Colours

by Swimming the Same Deep Waters

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Summary: Dimitri [OOC] is a man of strong passions. He knows what he wants, and isn't afraid to do whatever it takes. But what does he want? Tasha? Rose? This is NOT the Dimitri you know and love. Rated M for content / language. This is a one-shot, but I might extend. Have updated to give clearer description - thanks for suggestions.

True Colours

Checking myself in the mirror, I was wondering whether I should shave? Nah â€" Tasha likes the slightly rugged look, and besides time shaving meant less time sexing! Grabbing my duster off its hook I gave myself a final approving look and headed out the door.

I was going to be late as it is. I'd had practice this afternoon with Rose, and she'd asked me to stay back to practice round-house kicks with her. While her round-house kicks were actually pretty good, I knew it was just a ruse to get me to spend a bit more time with her. Seems that little project was progressing quite nicely, I thought with satisfaction.

Walking across the deserted campus, I quickly moved beyond the tree line - effectively blocking me from casual observation. Moving quietly through the trees, I approached the cabin Tasha had been allocated for her stay while on campus. Quickly checking to make sure no-one was in the vicinity I knocked quietly and entered.

"I was beginning to think maybe you weren't coming" Tasha said, peevishly.

"Sorry love," I said, purposefully ramping up my accent a bit "I needed to work with Roza late again this afternoon". I suppressed a smile as I could practically see sparks of jealousy fly off her.

"Well I wouldn't want to put Miss Perfect out any" Tasha huffed, clearly annoyed.

Standing there in red lace panties and negligee, and wearing an ugly expression, Tasha was clearly not in a mood to be messed with.

"Don't be like that, love" I soothed, inwardly rolling my eyes "You know I come to you as soon as I can"

Mollified she sashayed across to the stove. "I was just worried your dinner would spoil" she simpered.

Now we're talking. The food at this shit-forsaken academy was almost inedible. A couple of weeks ago I'd 'innocently' mentioned to Tasha how much I missed the food from home. Of course ever eager to please, she'd immediately gone out and bought a Russian cookbook. Meh. It was worth a little ego stroking to get a decent feed I thought â€" sniffing in appreciation.

With a flourish, Tasha pulled a casserole dish out of the embers of the stove, placing it carefully on the table. Taking the lid off I watched the languid spirals of steam rise into the air as she spooned a huge serve into a bowl for me. Beef Stroganoff with potato dumplings. Something in this cabin I really _did_ want to wrap my mouth around! With scars running across one side of her face, and a thin figure lacking the curves a man finds appealing, Tasha might not be much to look at, but she did know how to cook! I guess everyone has _something_ I thought wryly.

Sitting on a chair across the table from me, Tasha watched as I shovelled down one serve and then another. I hated the way she looked at me, so I closed my eyes enjoying the food. At least I didn't have to pretend to like that! Mopping the plate clean with a slice of bread I leaned back. "That was just delicious, love" I complimented, intentionally making my accent thick. Heavens knows why American women seemed to enjoy me sounding like a Russian back-woods hick, but they did. And so I used it to my advantage.

"I'm glad you liked" Tasha beamed.

Now I'd eaten I was in a much better mood. Looking around the cabin I noticed she'd decorated it a little. Made it a bit more homely. Maybe she intends to stay for a while, I thought. That would be nice â€" I could do with some more cooking like that. And if she wasn't my ideal lover, she was always available, willing and happy to be discrete - and that counted for something too. Especially at the moment.

Looking at her with what I hope passed for appreciation, I patted my lap. She came over in an instant. Sitting down she started rubbing herself suggestively against my cock. I pulled her negligee down, exposing her small firm breasts, biting each nipple and enjoying her cries â€" half pleasure half pain. Yeah â€" she'd do. For now.

Standing up I lowered my pants and boxers, kicking them off quickly. Sitting back down on the chair she quickly straddled me, but not before I deftly put a condom on my rock hard cock. While she'd told me 100 times she was on the pill, I couldn't afford any mishaps. Not

when I was so close to getting everything I wanted.

Lowering herself on to me she rode me hard. She was actually quite a good fuck. She liked it hard just like I did. Grasping her by the hips I flexed into her, meeting her thrust for thrust. It wasn't long before we both came. Pulling her off me, I quickly stood up â€" disposing of the condom. She seemed to want to cuddle, so I let her lead me to the bed. Lying on my back arms above my head I closed my eyes, feeling her cuddle up beside me, resting her head on my chest.

"Have you thought more about my offer?" she began tentatively.

Ahh yes. Her offer. As a Moroi, and of royal blood no less, Tasha was in some ways quite a catch. While she wasn't crazy rich, she was a lot more comfortable than this bastard Dhampir from Baia. As her Guardian I could lead a comfortable life, even if there were strings attached. Her offer was not without its appeal, but she wasn't the prize I had my eye on. I was aiming a lot higher than an outcast middle-aged royal with a scarred face and an inferiority complex. Still it didn't pay to let her know that. And it never hurt to keep your options open, either.

"I'm still thinking it over. It's a big commitment" I murmured. "And of course there's Roza" I added, feeling her immediately bristle. Ahhh â€" a bit of jealousy can be very helpful keeping a woman compliant.

Rose. Now THAT was a prize worth having.

I was a freshman novice at St. Basil's when I'd learned that Zmey had a daughter not that much younger than I. Apparently he didn't have any contact with her, but used his considerable influence and connections to keep an eye out for her. At first I had not even realised she was in America, naively assuming she would be in Russia like he was. It was only by chance I'd learned otherwise in my junior year.

My sister Viktoria was in the 4th grade at the time, and had begged to go to St. Vladamir's on a 4-week exchange trip. A trip like that, of course, was well beyond our family's means. We would have been unable to scratch together even the airfare, and our useless father was already long gone by that time, so no help was coming from that quarter. Viktoria was devastated when her Moroi school friend Ksenia went on the trip. Ksenia was a faithful correspondent, writing long letters about St. Vladamir's and the friends she'd made there â€" particularly Valissa Dragomir and her Dhampir best friend Rose Hathaway. It was Yeva who'd finally put the pieces together for me, commenting one night to my mother 'Rose? That must be Abe and Janine's daughter'. From that time on I'd become obsessed.

Everyone in Baia knew Zmey. Rich and powerful beyond belief, nothing happened here, or anywhere, that he didn't know about. Every Dhampir and Moroi woman admired him, wanting to be his. Every novice and Guardian wanted to serve him. Yet it was a hard life. His Guardians were known to be the best that money could buy. Yet for all their money, they didn't seem to get a chance to enjoy it â€" pledged as they were to serve another. I decided early on I didn't want to serve Zmey. I didn't see the point in pledging my life to another. I wanted to become him. And the way to that was through his daughter, I was

sure of it.

Rose, my thoughts coming full circle.

Small but beautifully put together, she was the unexpected prize in all this. I honestly wouldn't have cared if she was pimply and ugly with buck teeth. That she was gorgeous and feisty made her all the more worth having. Lying back with my eyes closed, I imagined what was going to happen when my seduction of her was complete. When I finally 'gave in' and claimed her.

My cock thickening in anticipation, I allowed myself a smile â€" imagining how much I was going to enjoy fucking her. Taming her. Slowly making her doubt the love of her friend Lissa. Making her reliant on me for everything. I'd play the part of loving devoted Guardian boyfriend â€" all the while quietly pulling the strings - binding me closer to her. Closer to her family. Encouraging her to form a relationship with her Father. Eventually I'd get us to move to Russia so I could work with him. In time I'd be poised to take over his empire.

Seeing my smile, Tasha asked "What are you thinking, Dimitri?"

"Life is good, love" I drawled. "Just that life is good".

And with that I grabbed another condom, rolling it on to my now hard dick. Thinking about dominating Rose never failed to excite me. The idea of bending her will to mine was a huge turn on. Yep â€" she was definitely the unexpected prize in this mission of mine.

Rolling on top of Tasha I kissed her and then closed my eyes. Sliding my cock into her I fucked her ferociously. All the while imagining that soon enough it would be Rose I'd be doing this to.

End
file.